

DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM C1TR FM 102

APRIL 1988



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FROM ZIMBABWE



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BOYS**

with special guest
From Seattle

DUMI MARIARE

**— MONDAY —
APRIL 4 1988**

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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITS Radio 102

April 1988 • Vol. V Issue #63

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CITS Radio 102 broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM. But for best reception, hook up to the FM cable network. CITS is at 101.9 cable FM on Rogers (Lower Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems, but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITS, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITS.

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"A HEALTHY AIRHEAD IS A

AIRHEAD
c/o CITR
6136 SUB Blvd.
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V6T 2A5



YAY!

Dear Airhead,

Happy St. Patrick's Day to you too! Yes, I received the March issue (two actually) and I thought I'd scribble a bit about it.

Wow, head lash! After a futile attempt at trying to read it in an orderly fashion, I gave up. Chaos! You definitely succeeded in making me, the reader, participate in the topic whether I wanted to or not. Didn't think I would, but I survived! I thought that the "I Licked Satan's Killer Blood" story pointed out an interesting fact of life: "For the first time in a long time, we sat together as a family and just talked. Funny how it takes extreme circumstances to really bring people together..." I agree. I like finding such stories upon which to ponder in the mag. Keep it coming.

Anne-Marie, Toronto

NAY!

Airhead,

What's happened to Discorder? I used to look forward to each issue, eagerly descending on my favorite record store at the beginning of every month to pick up a copy. Now it's become nothing more than a force of habit, a habit I intend to break if this publication doesn't improve post-haste. The latest issue (March '88) looks like it was thrown together for the sake of fulfilling the claim that you publish monthly. Not only was it dull and extremely pretentious, it was poorly designed and devoid of style. The lack of imagination is evident throughout, from the hideous backwards cover (how quaint) to the hodgepodge of "articles" inside. The Plague has churned out better stuff, with a fraction of the money you people have to play with.

Why aren't there anymore of those excellent feature articles on such topics as censorship and skateboarding? Why have they been replaced with "theme articles" on religion and drugs? Even worse, where the hell is some coverage of the local scene? Why are there no interviews with local bands? Mr Editor, you've effectively choked the music content out of "that magazine from CITR". If Vancouver has an underground music scene, you'd never know it from reading Discorder. I notice you didn't even include a table of contents in the March issue. How appropriate, since there's nothing of substance to be found inside anyways.

How about a really radical step in the right direction -- a sabbatical? That's right, how about ceasing publication for a couple of months and using that time to do some serious assessment. Hopefully, you'll realize that Discorder's creative stagnation is partly due to the fact that you consider yourselves an impenetrable bastion of alternative culture. Let's face it. You have done absolutely nothing in the past few issues to encourage new people to contribute material. It's time to do some housekeeping. Ditch those self-

centered scribblers and recruit new talent. Show some creativity and humanness, please. Save your readership before it's too late.

Andrea C.

You raise many points; too many to respond to them all without getting extremely pretentious and dull. However, as for last month's issue being "thrown together" and "poorly designed", we can only suggest that you look again. We invested far more time, concern and thought on its layout than usual. As for our coverage of the local scene, ya, you've raised a good point. Part of this is by design. In case you haven't noticed, we aren't the only print media in town that pays serious attention to alternative music anymore (The Georgia Straight, The Sun, The Province and Vancouver Magazine come quickly to mind). Maybe it's not so deadly important that we continue to wave the flag so furiously. Maybe it's time to pursue other possibilities. The point is, various Discorder writers (encouraged by the editor) have been experimenting over the past few months (not that this hasn't happened before in Discorder; let's just say, it's been more prevalent). Experimentation is an essential part of any creative process. Without it, you bog down, stagnate, atrophy (if you can't abide it, you're more dangerous than you realize). No doubt, some of it has been pretentious, dull, stupid or just plain bad. How very human of us! We're sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. It's over for now anyway (sort of) so stop worrying. Consider the past few months a diversion. Expect more on the "local scene" in upcoming months. Finally, as for being "an impenetrable bastion of alternative culture" which has done "absolutely nothing in the past few issues to encourage new people to contribute material", well, this is your letter, we are printing it and somehow or other, we did motivate you to write it and send it in. Airhead is open game. Anybody who wants to can say anything he/she wants. If we have the space and if the editor likes it (ie: finds it relevant and worth sharing with our thousands of readers), we'll print it. As for other stories, articles, rants, ruminations, realizations etc, yes, we're always interested. We don't pay and we do edit. Interested? Call Bill Mullan (228-3017).

YAY!

Dear Airhead,

I personally liked the "theme" issues. I feel those "themes" are like drums and should be beaten all the time. Especially the legalizations of marijuana and prostitution. While the former is under the control of the second government (the mafia), the latter is combined prejudice against women/confused morality (Catholicism?)/mafia issue. Any way you look at it, there's a transfer of funds from the second government to the first. The real obstacle????

As for Bill Mullan, he's an intelligent, thoughtful, sensitive person. Even if he does have weird taste musically speaking.

D.D.

re: the weird taste in music. It must be the lobotomy.

NAY!

Dear Airhead,

I went to five different stores in search of a Discorder. Eagerly ran home to read what was a winter of discontent (not hate). And found it had as much bile as Jimmy Swaggard, Jim Baker and John Holmes combined. Gt educated. I will pick up April's edition and if it's good, and has 'ON THE DIAL' (missing in March) I may get a subscription. (Vinegar is good for diluting bile).

An Uneducated Bum on
Welfare in Burnaby

YAY!

Dear Airhead,

With reference to the utterly chaotic March issue, we found the magazine very creative, but with a few flaws:

1) too much ink (not enough open white space to let our imaginations breathe; also, the black gets all over everything and you don't have time to read the whole issue before you have to wash your hands.

2) talk to your printer about their lack of care in keeping graphics from falling into the text of such a fine article as that of Mr. Grigg.

Now, this brings us to another point: the overwhelming insight that Mr. Grigg displayed in his article regarding "order from chaos". This article blended the fundamental ideals of biochemistry, physical chemistry and philosophy in such an awe-inspiring manner as to keep us from going to wash our hands until we finished every soul-stirring word of it! We hope to see more of his riveting work in future issues.

Yours in randomness,

The Three Chicks

1) Yes, ink is a problem. Unfortunately, everyone's so hung up on black these days, how could we remain an impenetrable bastion of alternative culture if we didn't flaunt it? Anyway, as we said in the January issue, the best place to read Discorder is in the washroom, near a sink. 2) Leave our printers out of it. They work long, hard hours and get more ink all over themselves in one day than you'll wash off your hands in a lifetime. The mystery exclamation mark? That mystery remains. It might have something to do with our new computerized typesetting. It might be magic.

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE

Howdy,

Thanks for sending your magazine. It's always fun to read. I don't want to burst anybody's bubble but the BUTTHOLE SURFERS aren't gods, jes' regular folks. Well, I guess if you worship them, they are gods.

Laura
(Rabid Cat Records/Austin,
Texas)

SPIRITUAL POLITICS

Airhead,

A letter which I sent regarding the December Hindsight article should not be printed without this supplement.

Within the Christian church, there is a branch that has found strong expression, particu-

HEALTHY DISORDER." (Harreson Atley)

larly in Central America, known as 'Liberation Theology'. It recognizes 'marxism' as being the vehicle to bring equality and social justice into reality, and thus a practical means for the establishment of the Christian ideal in the real world.

On the other hand, there exist a range of religious followings within Christianity, particularly the U.S. fundamentalist right, as well as numerous cults and pseudo-(new age)-religions which teach that the universe revolves around 'self', and/or that allegiance to God and country is one and the same thing. The elements of an intense national patriotism combined with an inflated sense of national destiny were present in the rise of Nazi Germany prior to the outbreak of the Second World War. These elements have been paralleled in the United States.

All of this is contrary to marxist theory, as well as liberation theology. In a multicultural society based upon socialism (or the model of socialism), tolerance and understanding should be weighed out to all, regardless of their tradition and beliefs, insofar as the nature of those beliefs do not threaten the lives of others, or undermine a system which guarantees equality and opportunity for all.

Tim J. Lawrence
(Delta Music Research)

re: the letter referred to. Unfortunately we lost it. What can we say? We're sorry. We won't do it again.

FUCK THE SYSTEM

Airhead,

(In response to D. Robinson's letter in the last issue) You say, "while fusing the classes and collapsing the corrupt power structure which our government so haplessly represents, another more extreme form of government would arise." Well, to get rid of this "corrupt power structure", people would have to be extremely well organized (say, through Anarchist unions, community councils and citizens' militias) and if people are organized enough to get rid of this system, which is deeply entrenched in society, I can't see them not being able to deal with "another more extreme form of government".

You go on to say "Our basic capitalist pattern would emerge from the morally bankrupt swine who have power, guns, security, material independence and influence over the miserable wretches who work for them." Who gives them power? Who makes their guns? Who makes them secure? Who gives them material independence? The answer is ordinary people.

And to have gained an Anarchist society, people would have had to have lost respect for politicians, bosses, cops, the rich and all figures of authority, so who could they influence? You then say, "Even the sometimes desirable chaos of Anarchy wouldn't change our modern survival instincts." Anarchy isn't chaos so much as government isn't order. Anarchy means mutual aid. It means organizing from the grass roots up. It's because of our modern survival instincts that we have to change society, because the way things are going, we haven't much chance of surviving while power is in the hands of the few.

Love & Guns,

Anna Key

ANGRY

Airhead,

There is a plague that has struck Vancouver recently. And it's pissing me off. The pretentious MAG/RAG called "V". Because my parents live in a supposedly fashionable area (I guess that's how they determine circulation) we get some stupid rag once a month telling us how wonderful it is to be well off and socially and fashionably aware. As I've said before, "Suck my dick." If we keep on paying attention to this bullshit, it will continue to survive. Just ignore it and be yourself.

Two other things. No, three. 1) Who is responding to the Ad gimmicks of heavy suggestive scenes? A perfume that uses as a picture three naked women suggests a definitely different scent. 2) Why do women go out with cads? 3) SKATEBOARDING IS NOT A FORM OF DEVIANT BEHAVIOUR. There are lots of assholes who skate, but that does not mean we all are. Think of all the assholes who drive.

Drainpipe

INSIGNIFICANCE

Airhead

Today, I was sitting at a bus stop reading Disorder when I noticed that Disorder is actually an anagram for "Die Soored" - wait, oh fuck it isn't because there is an extra 'e'. There I was thinking I had discovered this amazing thing when actually... well, it must have been the way it looked. Wow, man, what a bummer.

Yours truly,

Argh Arg Fuckface alias 'Kreegah-Buwado-Mbwatha' of the Animal Slaves

WORTH KNOWING

Airhead,

A couple of simple questions from a non-listener in the Fraser Valley. 1) Are subscriptions to Disorder tax-deductible (those of CFUV and CO-OP radio are)? 2) Am I likely to get Disorder early enough in the month to plan my Vancouver club-hopping (the Sun is certainly no help)? 3) When will CITR be available on Western (MSA) Cable, and would letters to Western Cable managers help in the cause?

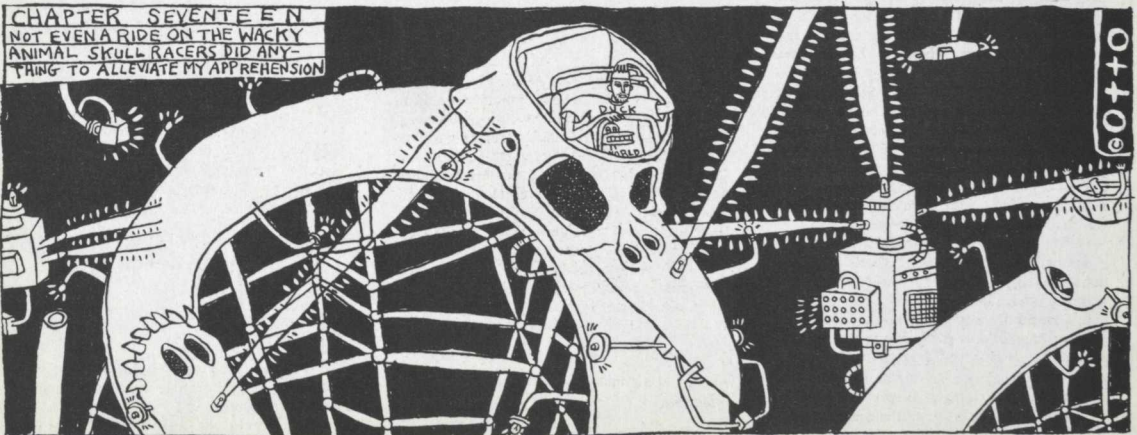
Phil Cottrell, Abbotsford

1) No. We're not tax deductible, but we're working on it. 2) Assuming our wonderful mail service is on schedule, Yes, it will reach you early. We usually mail out before the beginning of the given month. 3) Yes! Yes! Yes! Letters always help. Apparently, there is serious talk regarding cable CITR for the Big Valley. Cross your fingers, say your prayers and write more letters.

CONCERT PRESENTATIONS

The Bhundu Boys w/Dumi Manare: April 4th @ The Town Pump.
Jane Sibbery: April 8th @ The New York Theater. Two shows. 7pm and 10:30 pm.
Sinead O'Connor: April 18th @ 86 Street
Spring Reggae Splash (with Chester Miller): April 20th @ 86 Street.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
NOT EVEN A RIDE ON THE WACKY
ANIMAL SKULL RACERS DID ANY-
THING TO ALLEVIATE MY APPREHENSION



Those were the days

The Administration and/or a large number of shareholders of The Arts Club of Vancouver decided this past January that they would no longer allow live music at their Seymour Street Playhouse/bar, and that this would come into effect as of March first. This decision was made apparently after one or more of this Arts Club collective viewed part of a set by that bitchin' rock 'n' roll sensation The Dayglo Abortions. It was the proverbial straw that broke the Arts Club's back.

Nobody is exactly sure where the other straws lie but the guess is that certain Arts Club shareholders have gotten the P.M.R.C. bug and are now throwing their weight around like a fat lady in a freak show, and putting the heat on the administration. As a result, the administration of the Arts Club Shareholders (nothing less than a bunch of shit-eating commies) are in essence banning what they would 'like' to stand for most: artistic expression.

The Arts Club Seymour began weekend bookings of so-called alternative bands in July 1985. Because of its "anything goes" style of booking (the only criteria being that the bands should play mainly original compositions), the venue fast became a popular weekend nightclub (having the city's most lax doorman probably helped a bit). With bands such as The Grooveaholics, Slow, Death Sentence, Deja Voodoo and NoMeansNo, it was an exciting place to be: a place where it was easy to apply the well worn adage, "Anything can Happen!", and something very often did.

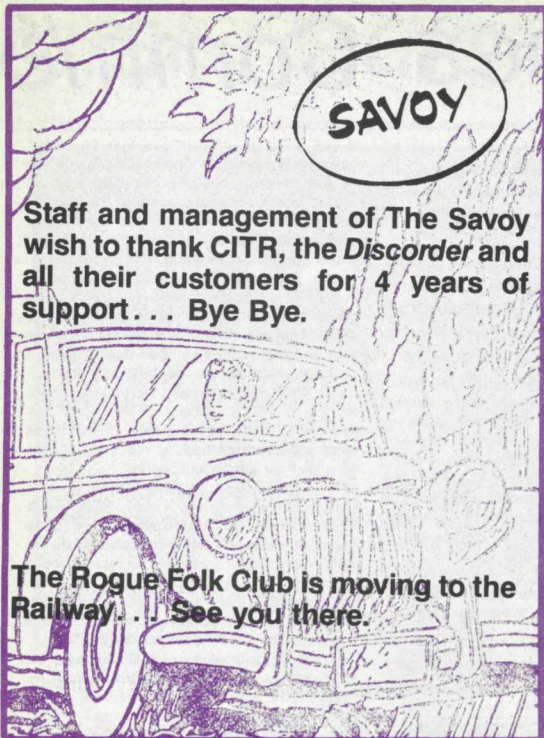
In recent years, The Arts Club Seymour has been a dumping ground for those plays which it was felt would attract a clientele uninterested in the more mainstream fodder found at the Granville Island venue. So the more traditional pole-up-their-ass patrons kept to Granville Island and the more liberal try-anything-once brigade kept to Seymour Street. So mellow jazz and "Ain't Misbehaving" on Granville Island, and rock/thrash (anything but jazz) on Seymour Street. Well, it worked, smooth as . . . well fuck the cliches, it worked. So what's the problem?

The problem is age-old. Older than even Jerry Garcia. Really. Simply put, it's prejudice. Because of the type of music performed at the club (dubbed the rec-room by Deja Voodoo), the weekend crowd was different than the so-called regular Arts Club clientele. They dressed funny, some looked downright strange, some even smelled bad; but they were what kept the Arts Club alive. They supported not only the bar but the musicians who played there: musicians who had the integrity and balls to play what they felt. And the Arts Club let them do it, for two and half years. Then they pulled the rug out from under them.

So that's it. The end of an era. Hopefully, the Arts Club Administration will open its eyes and realize what year it is instead of running around like headless chickens scared of what might happen next. Then maybe the Rec-Room will re-open and again be a place to go, scam your way in, drink copious ammounts of beer, see a band you've never seen before and maybe even get laid.

**Garnet Harry, Arts Club Doorman
(August '85 - March '88)**





SAVOY

Staff and management of The Savoy wish to thank CITR, the *Discorder* and all their customers for 4 years of support... Bye Bye.

The Rogue Folk Club is moving to the Railway... See you there.

AMS GAMES CENTER

LOWER CONCOURSE

GEURILLA WAR LAZER WAR
TECMO BOWL

PINBOT

AFTER BURNER

OPERATION WOLF

BLASTER'S ARCADE

MAIN CONCOURSE

UBC SUB Arcades
all ages welcome

NEW the Waterfront CABARET



1	ultramarine	2	shark bait AND memory day
3	WITH fab mavericks	4	silence and the storm
5	the dots	6	un ch ained
7	WITH icemen	8	hOLLYWOOD north
9	mecca normal	10	WITH ENDLESS FUCKING GAMES
11	FROM SAN FRANCISCO SUBTERRANEAN'S housecoat Project	12	memory day AND outta the blue
13	illegal sweet	14	OTIS SHOW CASE
15	Featuring Soukin' Val	16	7 band 15
17	WITH watertowne	18	INCLUDES! HOLLWOOD-ICEMEN NORTH SILENT GATHERING METHOD DR. AXELROD
19	tyro quagmire AND pedestrian sacrifice	20	against the grain
21	OTIS SHOW CASE	22	sore heads
23	madhouse dig	24	memory day
25	THE method	26	zod
27	THE NEW house of commons subverse	28	sick ones 29
29	albatros	30	DAYTIME 2 P.M. H.O.C. ADVERSITY REIGNITION
31	W/GUESTS	32	surf hippies bent

CATCH the METHOD at 23 W. Cordova Apr. 13

Well, why does Comme

ACTUALLY, THE QUESTION SHOULD BE

"Why do you expect commercial radio to suck less than it does?" A music lover arguing that commercial radio should be playing only music of quality and distinction can be compared to a fashion-conscious consumer arguing that department stores should sell only stunning courturier designs. Most people don't bother dressing fashionably because it isn't important to them. It isn't the role of the department store to passionately foist high fashion on the public because, money aside, most people simply don't have the time or interest for it. Similarly, commercial radio cannot reasonably justify being righteous and holy about its "art" when the bulk of its listeners are seeking casual distraction on the way to work in the morning.

Okay, but why does radio play what it does? Cynics, of course, say that it's all done via payola and underhanded backroom dealing, that anyone can buy themselves to the top if they have enough cocaine. But even if this were true, it would have only a limited role in the music industry. Why should a record company shell out a quarter million dollars to buy some new artist's way to the top when they can spend half as much on payola for an established artist?

Payola exists only as grease in the wheels, not as the entire machine. The greatest financial inducement in radio comes from the advertisers. If you're going to shell out millions of bucks to promote your beer, you'd be a fool not to insist that these bucks be spent in the most cost-effective fashion. So you advertise with the station most popular with your target market audience.

Commercial stations, ever sensitive to the needs of the advertisers, have developed a system which serves up a predetermined audience on a platter. The BBM rating system tells advertisers not only how popular a radio station is, but the age, sex and income bracket of the listening audience at any given moment. Unfortunately, the best way to win with this kind of clinical perfection is to format as consistent a format of music as possible. If a station is stupid enough to play a variety of music, only God knows who's listening, and even He couldn't document it for cautious advertisers.

The pressure on commercial radio is to maintain a consistent listenership: "all the hits, all the time." They just can't risk the loss of listeners by playing even one song of dubious appeal. It's too easy for folks to flick the dial. The entire machine is geared toward music not of quality or distinction, but toward music that doesn't offend anyone.

The world of musical appreciation is split into two kinds of people: Active (us) and Passive (them). A passive listener is best described as someone for whom music isn't that important. It serves as a backdrop to their moods and activities: partying at the Keg, making out (you need music, right?), ski parties at Whistler, etc. The point is, the music itself is subordinate. The passive (shallow) listener comes to have favorite songs from their association with specific positive events in his/her life. The good time makes the favorite song

rather than the good song makes the favorite song.

In contrast, the active listener is someone for whom listening to music is a total activity. For whatever reason, he/she has a much greater interest in (and appreciation of) the music, and listens to it more critically. Commercial radio wants to appeal to the passive listener. Active listeners, by definition, have tuned out and/or bought tape decks.

Originally, in the 1950s, before most of us were born, disc jockeys ran the shows. They played whatever they liked, read the commercials themselves, and the strength of their programs were their personalities. They were musically aware and unrestricted by the demands of their advertisers. In the mid-50s, Top 40 radio was invented. By repeating a limited number of very popular songs rather than choosing from the entire spectrum of available pop music (which would necessarily include tunes of limited interest or esoteric appeal), Top 40 blew unformatted radio right out of the water. Listeners flocked to the stations that played "only good music".

Advertisers flocked to this opportunity to run their commercials on station that could guarantee half the listening audience, a hitherto

unknown phenomenon. In the mid-60s this Top 40 was itself beached in favor of the Boss 30 format which featured fast-paced chatter and jingles between the even slimmer selection of sure-fire hits. All of it, of course, was delivered with machine-like precision.

Nevertheless, despite the success of both of these formats, commercial radio was not yet the fabled "license to print money" that it is today. That took the arrival in the late 60s of the baby boomers as the significant demographic, a situation which continues to plague us to this day. Either directly or indirectly, their tastes control every commercial market. Why should any commercial enterprise consciously turn its back on them and concentrate on a younger audience which is both smaller and poorer?

Welcome then to the 80s, the world of CHR (Contemporary Hit Radio), AOR (Adult Oriented Rock), AC (Adult Contemporary), and a host of other formulas and permutations, none of which are particularly interested in the eighteen to twenty-five year old audience. If you like music that's aimed at middle-aged people, good. If not, tough luck. Your purchasing power just doesn't rate compared to that of the new reactionaries.

Unfortunately, with all this money at stake, radio stations are keen to find a sure thing. In New York and Los Angeles where the competition for an audience is fiercest, innovation still rears its ugly head from time to time. Should some station that's faltering in the ratings stumble across a new format that actually works, news of a new gold formula will race across North America, eventually giving rise to countless imitations in smaller markets across the continent. Hence, our own local imitations: The Morning Zoo, The Electric Lunch and one station's entire concept of "less talk, more shock". You didn't think these were Vancouver originals, did you?

There's another golden formula these days. Two years ago, Tommy James (ex of The Shondells) had already netted half a million bucks from the relative success of Billy Idol's 1982 version of his "Mony Mony". Now, with Tiffany's cover of "I Think We're Alone Now", Idol's live version of "Mony Mony" and someone else's cover of "Draggin' the Line" all having placed in Billboard's Top 100, Mr James is stinking rich (in case he wasn't already). The point is not that he's been particularly lucky, but that radio is obviously far happier playing a cover version of a former hit than it is taking a risk with such an intangible as a new song. By tarding up an old song with a new artist, commercial radio has the best of both worlds: a facade of newness and the bankability of a proven favorite. Welcome to the Big Chill era.

How else can you explain the popularity of the California Raisins, of Tiffany's version of "I Saw Her Standing There"? Why did it take a cover of "La Bamba" for Los Lobos to gain the commercial recognition they've long deserved? It's the same tried and true mentality which keeps Pink Floyd, George Harrison, Aerosmith, Yes, Stevie Winwood et al high up in the current charts. They may not be covering old songs, but they are covering old ground. Why are over half the acts on the charts ten to twenty years old already? Do



rcial Radio Suck, then?



you honestly believe "When We Was Fab" would be getting the attention it's enjoying had it been done by Guadalcanal Diary?

All of this has given the 80s an inferiority complex. Since the 60s were evidently such a wonderful era (loftier ideals, better music, better drugs, cooler clothes, wilder parties) why should we even bother aspiring to match their zenith of culture and refinement? To say that a new band sounds "60s inspired" is the highest compliment one can offer.

There also persists today a mystique about the integrity of FM radio. In the late 60s, FM radio was introduced as an experimental stereo broadcast format (CKLG FM, in 1967, was one of the groundbreakers in this market). Since commercial radio at the time meant AM radio, advertisers didn't bother with FM. Suddenly, unrestricted by financial considerations, FM deejays (for a brief time) realized a freedom unheard of in over fifteen years. FM radio played whatever it damn well wanted to, be it two uninterrupted hours of Grateful Dead or Gregorian Chants or the latest Stones bootleg. In essence, FM was doing then what campus radio does today. Tres cool.

All of this ceased of course when advertisers realized a significant chunk of their audience was tuning out of AM. FM quickly became big baby boom business. Out went unformatted experimentation. In came formula rock. Of course, FM continued to maintain that it was inherently cooler than AM, a swindle that goes on

to this day. Given the choice, I'd take Vancouver's AM radio over its FM anyway.

Six months ago while driving across the prairies I had the pleasure of tuning into a Regina station which, in the space of a single half hour, played Prince, old Aerosmith, Lisa Lisa and the Cult Jam, mid-sixties Who and an assortment of other artists whose material falls into the nebulous range of so-called commercial music. It was radio that walked all over anything commercial heard this side of Abbotsford.

What does Regina (or Halifax or Calgary) have going for it that Vancouver doesn't? Well, for one thing, a smaller market. There is less pressure for "all the hits all the time", less stations competing for those precious advertiser's dollars. The deejays are permitted to sample from the bottom half of Billboard's chart. This added wealth of material adds enough "spice" to the programming to make it sound significantly more interesting. Vancouver, with its proportionately larger rock audience and number of competing rock stations, doesn't offer the same fertile ground for variety. It's just not prudent to take a chance on The Cure when, just a flick of the dial away, the other guys are doing a Stones tribute.

Of course, if you take this reasoning to its logical extreme, Los Angeles, Toronto and New York should have the worst commercial radio in the world. Not so. In cities larger than Vancouver, other factors become significant. Here, the audience is small enough to be treated as homogeneous, whereas, in larger centers limited interest (even Active listener) audiences are large

enough to be singled out and targeted by advertisers. Take, for instance, KROQ in Los Angeles or CFNY in Toronto, both of which manage to throw in the occasional Robyn Hitchcock, New Order or Sinead O'Connor track without alienating their audience. In Vancouver on the other hand, conservatism has reached Ripley's Believe it or Not proportions. It is rumoured that one station does not add anything new to its playlist until it has been sitting on the Billboard charts for over six months, the reason being: "if it didn't last that long, it couldn't have been that good." Or how about the station that bases its playlist on the views of randomly selected groups of thirteen year old girls? All the commercial rock stations in town check consistently with A&B Sound's sales to see what they should be playing.

Another new (encouraging?) outcome of our current radio situation is the growing lack of correlation between an artist's airplay and financial success. Of course, it's never been extraordinary for an artist to have success without airplay (The Grateful Dead), but we now have an unprecedented situation where an artist can gain an incredible amount of airplay and yet fail to sell records or concert tickets. So keen are radio stations to find a sure-thing, they'll play music which is so inoffensive that no one is interested in it at all.

You've probably heard several songs by Cutting Crew through radio airplay (by osmosis perhaps), yet have you ever felt the urge to buy their records or concert tickets? Apparently, you're not alone, as they had to cancel their entire North American concert tour due to lack of ticket sales. In Vancouver, despite three top ten singles, they sold less than fifty tickets for their concert at the Expo Theatre before it was cancelled. This quality of being "radio friendly" hasn't helped the careers of Gowan or Paul Janz either. Conversely, bands like The Cure and The Smiths and a host of others that represent a new generation of bands (and audience) are selling records quite well, thank you, without the help of commercial radio. Could radio no longer be the relevant commercial medium it once was?

So what's next? Is radio going to get any better? No, why should it? Will there be another Next Big Thing? I don't think so, because the last Big Thing - Punk - left us with a legacy of a healthy alternative music scene and the concepts of Do-It-Yourself independent labels and media. Frustrated with the crass absurdity of the commercial mainstream? You can always turn to the alternative. It may be a touch scrappy about the edges, but it is fresh.

With the advent of digital home recording, personal computers and an overall increased awareness of (and access to) technology, the Next Big Thing may well be not the matter communicated but, to borrow from Marshall McLuhan, the medium itself. Commercial radio will not change until dwindling revenues render it completely obsolete.

Gord Badanick

April 1988 9

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Remember when rock and roll was shocking, when "Elvis the Pelvis" was censored on Ed Sullivan, when The Who could excite an audience by destroying their equipment on stage? Look what's happened to us today. Eric Clapton now plays guitar solos in beer commercials. The Beatles exhort "Revolution" in a sneakers ad. The list goes on and it gets worse. What the hell's happening here? Rock and roll was once the totem music of youthful rebellion and of a youth culture distinct from the generation that had brought us WWII and Hiroshima. Now it's the music of a consumer culture, a culture that remembers the music but has forgotten the original feeling and the original dream. Can rock ever be dangerous again?

Hip hop is, by far, the best hope anyone has at stirring things up right now. As John Leland has said, hip hop is music about the loudspeaker. It takes the sounds and songs of everyday life that the audience is familiar with and reshapes it, molds it and tears

This, of course, changes the boundaries of music but is it so radically different? If they sample a Led Zep tune won't Led Zep fans dig it too? Yes and No. What sets hip hop apart (besides its cultural origins) lies in the attitude of the artists towards, yes, again, the technology. The technology is the brush used to repaint the world. The colours are still the same but the picture is different. You might like Victorian portraits but can you handle neo-expressionism? The same goes for hip hop in the context of rock music. What you're hearing is a colossal reorganization in the way songs are defined. It's a sidestep from the punk ethos because instead of the music being about itself (i.e. the original raw rock and roll feeling) hip hop focuses, on the machines that pump it out and the voice that raps becomes the tool not to sing with but to sing through because the message presented is also important. Listen to the records that literally scratch out turntable solos, listen to the DJ induced skips in the drum beat and then marvel at four minute dramatic monologues that these guys let loose.

By and large mainstream radio is too weak and feeble to play this stuff. Fat old program directors with moustaches and silk jackets won't let their playlist go this far. It's too dangerous. It alienates them and if it alienates them, it alienates people like them who listen to their stations. In other words, hip hop is doing what it should: carving out a new cultural ethic. Yet as more student radio stations go high power without the constraints of advertising dollars, this stuff will spread. All over. Amen.

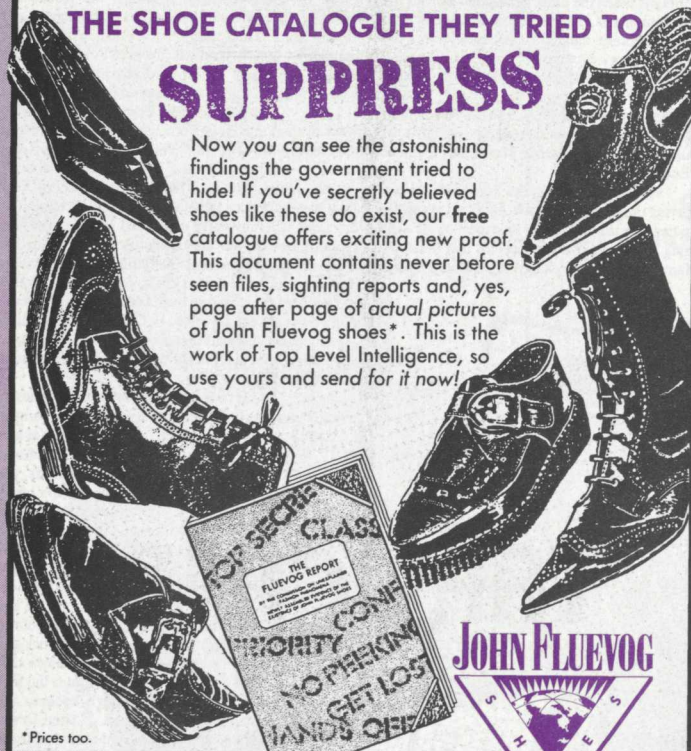
Mark Quail

	PROBABLY	CHANCE	POSSIBLE	UNLIKELY	IMPOSSIBLE	STILL POSSIBLE	NEVER IN THE WORLD	NOT AT ALL
Kool Moe Dee	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	95 A+
Melle Mel	10	9	10	10	9	10	8	95 A+
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L.L. Cool J.	10	10	10	8	6	10	9	90 A
T La Rock	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	91 A
Rakim	9	10	10	9	8	7	9	90 A
KRS One	7	9	9	9	9	7	9	82 B
Spoonie G	7	9	9	9	7	9	9	83 B
M.C. Shan	7	9	9	9	8	10	9	86 B+
Dougie Fresh	7	9	10	10	9	8	9	93 B
Bizmark	7	7	9	8	8	9	9	81 B
Kurtis Blow	7	7	7	8	9	8	8	82 B
Just Ice	4	8	8	8	7	8	7	82 B
Run DMC	6	9	8	8	8	9	10	78 B
Fat Boys	7	8	7	9	8	8	10	86 B+
Whodini	7	8	7	6	6	8	10	89 B+
Beastie Boys	7	9	9	9	8	10	9	93 B
UTFO	7	9	9	8	8	8	10	88 B
Heavy D & The Boyz	7	9	8	8	8	7	9	77 C+
Boogie Boys	7	8	8	8	8	7	8	80 B
Ultra Magnetic 7	7	8	8	8	8	7	8	80 B
Public Enemy	4	7	9	8	7	9	9	82 B
Stetsasonic	4	7	9	8	7	9	9	81 B
Grammaphone Funk The Fatback Band	1	8	7	10	8	8	10	78 B+
Nasty Jack The Roots	8	9	10	9	8	8	10	77 B+

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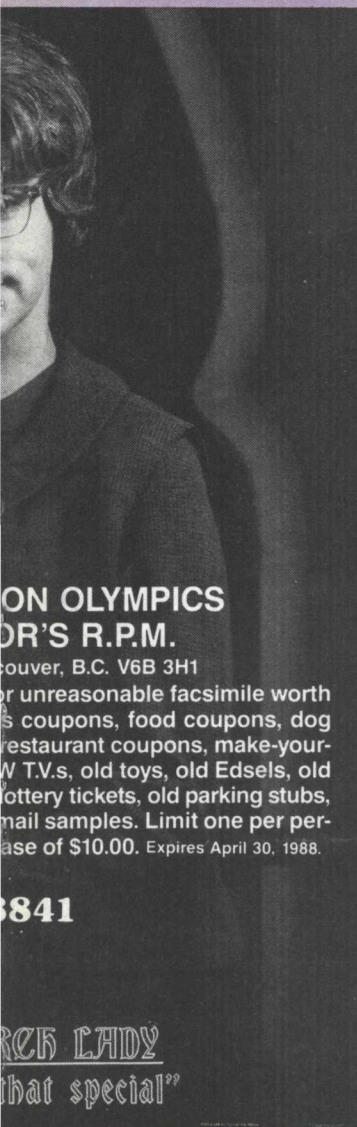


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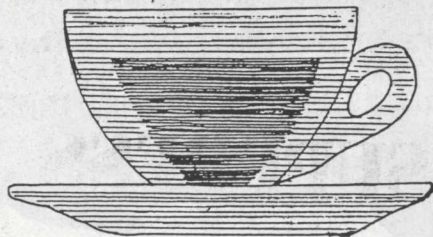



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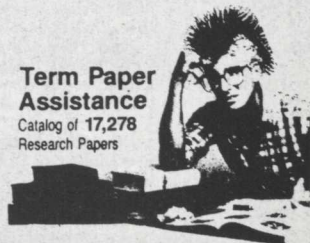
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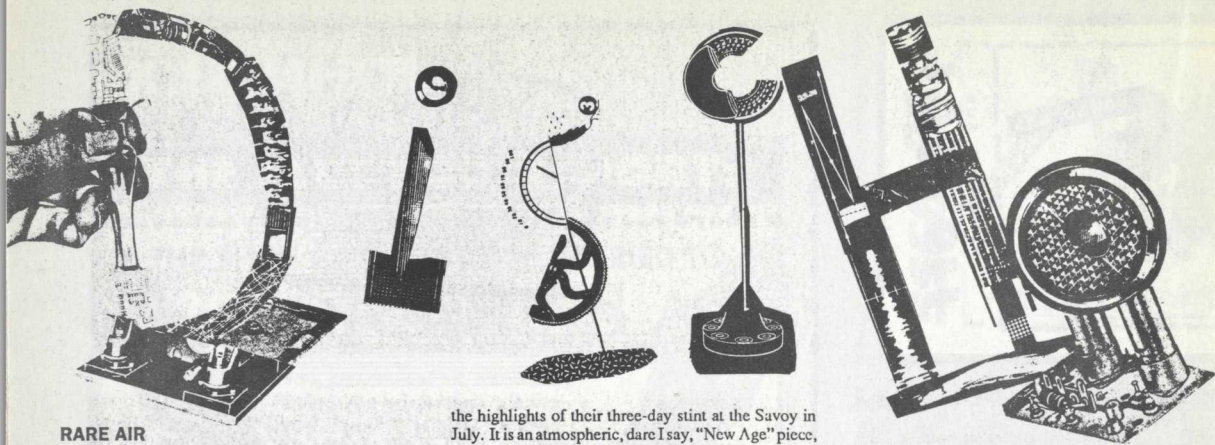
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RARE AIR Hard To Beat

Toronto's Rare Air is a remarkable quartet of virtuoso musicians featuring two champion pipers (Grier Coppins and Pat O'Gorman), a champion drummer (Trevor Ferrier) and a superb guitarist/bass player (Dick Murai). Coppins and O'Gorman also play whistles, flute, bombarde and the North African biniou-koz, a sort of shrill oboe. Ferrier excels on roto-toms and a variety of ethnic percussion implements, while Murai plays fretted 5-string bass, fretless bass and acoustic guitars. This all makes for a pretty wild and varied sound!

Side 1 is a pretty varied collection of instrumentals, opening with the stomping single *Tribal Rites*, driven by funky bass and roto-toms, and led by the dual bagpipes. This is followed by *Taxi Suite*, a catchy little number again showcasing the highland pipes. *Inside Out* is in sharp contrast, featuring a superb acoustic guitar solo by Murai, which was one of

the highlights of their three-day stint at the Savoy in July. It is an atmospheric, dare I say, "New Age" piece, rather long, but nevertheless superb. *Small as Life* features the Middle Eastern sound of the biniou-koz, and more inspired percussion.

Side 2 tends to drag a bit, with too many trivial pipe jams, although *Marvin's March* for Marvin Gaye, is a unique tribute to the soul giant (probably the only one played on the pipes), and *Waiting Room* has as infectious, atmospheric feel.

Rare Air provided some of my personal highlights at Canadian folk festivals this year, not least for their dance workshop with the OYSTER BAND at Edmonton, where they massacred *Tutti Frutti*. They are one of the finest, most eclectic, innovative and personable bands in North America.

Steve Edge

THE DIK VAN DYKES Nobody Likes the Dik Van Dykes

Q: What does it take to make the #1 record on college radio across Canada?

A: Not very much, and preferably, as little as possible.

This should've been just another quintet-from-Hamilton-that-manages-to sound-thinner-than-Deja-Voodoo-with-female-backup-vocals... except they've got good velocity and above average material — much of it has a life expectancy stretching beyond two listenings. But seriously folks, what does it say about the industry when university radio is dominated by fuck-bands?

JB Hohm

CURRENT 93 Swastikas For Noddy Laylah

It was over a year ago that David Tibet warned everyone who craves the music of Current 93 that they may not be as thrilled with *Swastikas For Noddy* as with previous material. A cursory aural glance might confirm this reservation. The concept is essentially English folk music and is worlds away from the Current's first 4 or 5 releases. Those familiar with *Imperium* and *Happy Birthday Pigface* however will not be surprised with the result. The mood is still unremittingly dark. Far from being less convincing, though, the album has the potential to affirm to more people than ever that there is much in Current 93's music to be admired. And if this bothers the elitist in some listeners, well ain't that a shame.

Larry Thiessen

DIE FORM/1987 Poupee Mecanique New Rose

Try to imagine a bowl of rice krispies snap-crackle-and-popping away using blood instead of cream and sugar. *Poupee* is a little like that. Die Form's Linn drum programs and helium-rock vocals have all the trademarks of typically vapid, silly Gallic Europop (albeit beautifully produced and pressed - Pyrolater and Yello keep coming to mind). The words are another matter. They're mixed prominently enough to be unavoidably comprehensible: "The soil on me dries out under the cold wind. It's no more useful to scream. Thousands dead at the bottom of my stomach have created my abysses. On those bristling faces I can only read patience. Not a word for those hurts. Just a cross." The net effect is a sort of malice which is all the more compelling for its brainlessness.

Larry Thiessen

Local Motion

So, Local Motion and I are back after a month's action-packed, glamorous, and fun-filled vacation, only to find things in a bit of a shambles. The vast demo tape department at CITR has been going through serious upheavals. Ed and Dale will now be the folks actually getting demos on-air, while Local Motion will continue to review select tapes once they've made their way through our tortured bureaucratic system. So this month, while Ed and Dale try to dig their way out of the backlog, there's not much I can do in the way of reviews, although you can expect to hear from *A Merry Cow* (who've just found a new drummer and will be playing with *The Hip Type* at the Wardells' record release party at the end of March), *The One Hitters* (aka *Biff Hackett*, *The Young Adults*, etc), *The Rockin' Edsells*, and more, really soon.

And even though April might seem a little late for me to make corrections to *The Best and Worst of '87 Local Motion* column (of January '88), I just thought I'd mention (for the benefit of David M. and *No Fun*, who don't get half the attention they deserve) that while I didn't include their *No Fun in Love* show as one of the year's best gigs (I didn't mention any local bands, actually) I did want to say that my *Show Most Regrettably Missed* was their *Rock and Roll's Drug Heritage* extravaganza at the Railway. (If they handed out condoms at the "Love" performances,

what did they do for this one?) Maybe they'll consider a repeat....

Unfortunately, April brings very bad news for the "alternative" music scene in Vancouver. In case you haven't heard, the Savoy has been sold and will undergo a radical change in format. While the Venue has apparently stopped booking alternative bands and then started again several times, and it looks like the Arts Club has stopped its weekend shows for good (for a long time the only venue for a lot of bands), it's the loss of the Savoy that will probably hit most of us the hardest. Not only was it the home of CITR's Shindig for four years, but the Savoy had (I think) the best staff, the best atmosphere, and most of the best gigs (for example, ask anyone who saw their *Surf Night* show at the Savoy which was *Slow's* best ever performance). A lot of my personal affection for the club comes from the fact that it was the only venue where I felt comfortable going by myself. I'll also miss all the graffiti in the band room, which I really hope someone manages to photograph before the inevitable paint job (or worse). At the very least, the Railway, Venue, Waterfront, and other clubs will find it hard to fill the hole left by the Savoy. More likely, that gap will never quite be filled again. I'll miss the Savoy very much.

Janis



POWER TOOLS

Strange Meeting

Fusion, when applied to music, usually refers to a blending of jazz with rock. Fusion in the instrumental parlance of Power Tools is something more akin to what happens at the end of an acetylene torch.

The amazing guitar work of Bill Frisell buzzes and crashes throughout. The range of this artist is compelling. He will offer the suggestion of melody, then build a rapid development of confusing intensity before pausing to let the pent up energy of sound subside in slow angry phrases. Drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson works with longtime partner bassist Melvin Gibbs to redefine the potential of a rhythm section. Not content with combining bass and drums in a controlled frenzy of beat and counter rhythm designed to keep Frisell within the boundaries of this musical construction site, they do more. Staying away from flashy cymbal and high hat combinations, Jackson uses the pitch of his drums to augment and complete Gibbs' bass runs, producing a counter melody to Frisell which provides a clarity to the demanding compositions.

Strange Meetings was recorded studio-live with digital technology and the energy of that session has not been diluted with further remixing of overdubs. It is an intelligent, imaginative and noisy album that can't be ignored.

David Firman

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

Any Day Now

Like a shitty Alan Barson's Project. Some of it anti-papist. All of it pompous, dreary, self-indulgent and forgettable. Take away the strings and the keyboards, give them guitars and Marshall Amps, and these guys could go on the road as a tribute to Spinal Tap.

JB Hohm

THE TEAR GARDEN

Tired Eyes Slowly Burning *Netzwerk*

The first EP by Tear Garden I heard was so warped I ended up using it to rinse grapes. Nonetheless, it was well done (a more presentable copy was purchased to replace it). *Tired Eyes* is an even better outing. Edward Ka-spell has always had a certain lyrical appeal; but his solo ventures have suffered from being "DOT"-ish, lacking in punch. Skinny Puppy on the other hand have always excelled in producing a muscular sound which has, for me, been best when least tuneful. The uniting of both talents may end up being a sum greater than its equal parts. Ka-spell's words and voice have a larger, more dramatic setting and the Puppies are presented in a more poetic light. It is quite simply very, very good. I hope they do more.

Larry Thiesen

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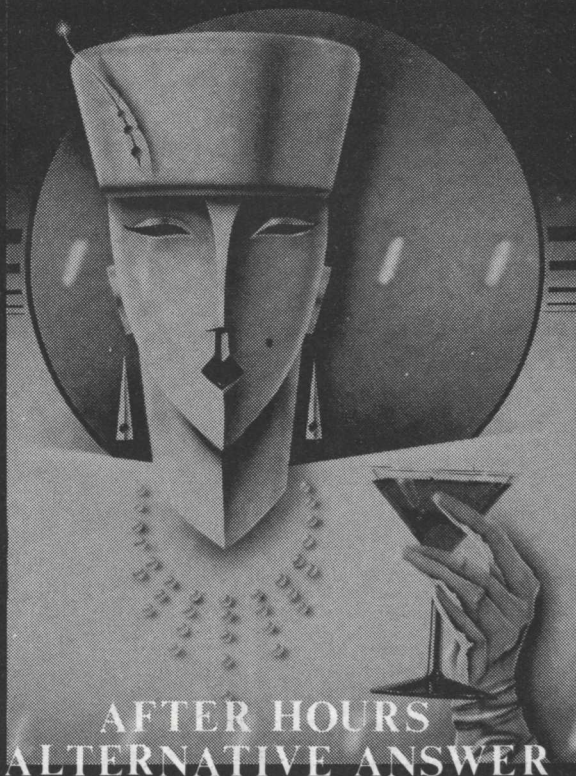
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MISSION FROM HELL

The Humane Drum Society with
Tippy-a-Go-Go
The Savoy Feb. 23: benefit for bomb-
ing victims of El Salvador

Neopsychedelism rules, rebels come and go-go. Masks lurking, backdrop sheet staring. Going underground?

Tippy scrambles onstage, commanding attention to his world, what it sounds looks and feels like. The wildman in creation with his bizarre assortment of toys, the busted classical guitar from hell. Edging on cosmic at times, definitely alien. I felt like I was watching a child at play in the kitchen cupboard with the pots and pans letting out distorted, altered sounds every now and then. Clownish, artsy, spontaneous. Where's the light show?

This is called the folkset. Everything seems to be well under control, there is a great deal of certainty around this guy as he "pulls out of the woodwork some of the members of the band" for a series of duos. Ever silly and playful ("politicians taking off their Chevrolets"), strangely touching love song ("I love you even if you're so fat, fat, fat"), some good old folk tunes and guitar playing.

Yes, Tippy likes to steer. "He even told me what my part was." "Ego-a-go-go!" shouts a member of the audience (or is that one of the many in the band?) It becomes evident why leadership is necessary during the following dance set.

Various impressions come up as the parade, carnival style, makes its way across, into, around the room, the dance floor and stage. It's bacchanal time. The atmosphere evokes visions of demi-gods, elephants in the Brazilian jungle (?), hanging out at some oasis, dancing with the gypsies under the stars (there are so many talented people in the desert). Everyone is up to something, wearing a mask, playing a percussive or musical instrument, theatrics, dancing, the costumes colorful as the music.

The bedlam that ensues is like watching a soap but with much better sound effects. What puzzled me was that no female bodies were into doing percussive, they seemed to prefer hanging out on the dance floor. Eventually, however, they were able to muster the guts to get up on stage and make noise with the rest of the gang - the rap was fun.

This is where Tippy comes in extra handy as more and more relatives feel the urge to come and play and crowded conditions make it a bit crazy. Good old Mr.T.

The Humane Drum Society is a street-oriented performing arts organism whose goals are based, if not on ideology, on the sincere urge to help those who are willing to realize the shape of things through expression, learn as you play methods. They're a non-profit organization and have been so busy doing benefits and such they're feeling burned out. And it's not shampoo burnout.

There is talk of a free concert in the park, workshops for children, non-musicians and a big pot of soup. Feed the hungry, heal the earth, save humanity from itself. Watch reality snapping at their dancing heels.

Denise Richard



A 40 Second Interview With Tippy-A-Go-Go

Who are You?

I'm a vocal percussive go-go dancer, multi-ethnic, hardcore, jazz sort of improvisationalist.

Do you like sweat?

I love sweat. I'm a vegetarian, but I like tomato sweat and spaghetti sweat.

About how many hamburgers have you eaten in your life?

Well, when I lived in California as a young lad I had quite a few of Macs, but now I freeze dry them and juggle with them; however, now I'm more into nut burgers, but I don't like new age music.

Who is God?

God is not god. God is dog backwards. God is the great spirit within you and I, and Christ, and Joan of Arc, and Buddha, and Krishna, and oogala boogala and the anteater of the universe.

Interviewed by John Ruskin.

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What's That poppin'?



...ah its just a bunch of tarts

There was a confluence of cultural nosebleeds at the Savoy on February 15th as the first **pop-tart cabaret** played with a full house. Performance poetry, music industriopop to cowpunk, ranting readings, contestants from the studio audience, an idioschizincratic MC were mashed into a no-brow event. Many new human subjects were exposed to infectious *instant anartic* energy that breached the containment toasters.

What's in a tart

pop-tart: an upbeat magazine that turns to food in your toaster. This *magazine of instant art* is not just a roll in the hay of signifiers, more art-schtick than artspeak, crying out for mall merchandising and TV spinoffs, accessible/ex-

cessible/inciteful. It dares not to be just another jar of marshmello fluff. Surrounded in fake pastry you'll find aphorisms, cartoons, computer graphics, collages, drawings, essays, film/video stills, interviews, journals, mail art, novels, paintings, photographs, plagiarism, playscripts, poetry, reviews, screenplays,

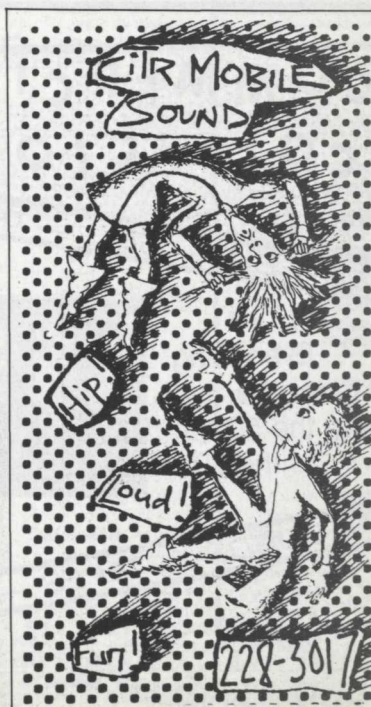
songs, stories, xerox art, zen.

How fast is instant

tartars seek fresh squeezed artistic juices not canned tomatoes, the whole clove not botulated garlic pasties. For a spontaneous flavour we eschew and spit out editing, premeditating, headitorialising, categorising, and ego-ellistical control.

Hysterical perspective

Vancouver artsy-toasties began popping and puffing with fruity fillings nine months ago. Seven issues (sneezy, dopey, horsey, censored, party, military & sexy...) have been delivered to angelic choruses of pop-tartalettes. The team tartar has cooperated with galleries, clubs, theatres, politicos, etceterrestrials on raspberry jam sessions, calendars, 20 minute poetry workouts, cabarettes, and harmonical humms. Events, pages, walls have an opening to all who try. So send it, say it, draw it, play it, buy it, try it, **do it now.** Before midnight tonight.



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A slap happy, zany show of serious discussion. Moderated by Dylan (G.Q.) Armbrust and including panelists Donovan Kuehn (NDP), Robbie (The Boy) Withers and Rob (Not less but) Morehouse. Upcoming topics for April are Bill Vander Zalm, Mila Mulrone, Free Trade and that ever important issue... abortion. Remember, it's a phone in show, so participate.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm - 12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview and local music news.

April 4: Freddie Hubbard quickly became THE trumpet star of the generation before Wynton Marsalis. He had it all, sound, fire, technique and at twenty-one possessed one thing that Wynton does not have...originality.

Here is his first album under his own name... "Open Sesame" ... with Freddie Hubbard is McCoy Tyner, the legendary Tina Brooks and others.

April 11: The music of Cecil Taylor. Always a challenge and an emotionally exhausting experience... but always worth your undivided attention. "The Spring of Two Blue-Jays" (A rare collectors item) is both a solo and group effort by piano-genius Taylor. With Jimmy Lyons (Alto) and Andrew Cyrille (Drums) and Sirone (Bass). The Cecil Taylor Unit.

April 18: Along with Louis Armstrong... Sidney Bechet must rank as high as a player and innovator in the New Orleans tradition. He moved to France in the early fifties (where he died in 1959) and became a national hero. He is almost forgotten now, but now will be alive on "The Jazz Show"... Sidney Bechet, his clarinet and soprano saxophone.

April 25: A new album by pianist Mal Waldron is always a treat. Mal is a true international (dividing his time between America and Europe, where he lives). Here's Mal in New York, at the Village Vanguard fronting a great quintet with Charlie Rouse, Woody Shaw, Reggie Workman and Eddie Blackwell. Recorded in 1986.

Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

TUESDAYS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00 pm - 3:00 pm

Music to scrape the cowshit off your boots too.

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30 pm - 8:30 pm

"I'd rather eat Belly Poison

I'd rather jump the Empire State".

AURAL TENTACLES

midnight - 4:00 am

This Tuesday nite from midnight till 4 in the morning:

A tragedy will occur. Some people will enjoy sex. Some will get high, countless cigarettes will be torched, numerous bottles will be emptied, a Big Mac will be consumed, A hubcap will be stolen in Surrey, The wide World of Drugs will be heard (around 2), someone will throw Up, Mutant rats will be born, Nocturnal "Red-Eyes" wearing either nothing at all or wearing drab institutional garb (You know, those 'white jackets' with the funny sleeves tied behind the back) will receive a special message from God, telling he/she why he/she has been selected as the chosen one, AND Aural Tentacles will creep out into the nite (Spewing upbeat and undefinable sounds). Cheap Lobotomy performed by Pierre Huish!!!

WEDNESDAYS

THE CLASSICAL SHOW

7:30 am - 10:00 am

A variety of musical styles ranging from the early Medieval to the Twentieth Century. All styles will be discussed with historical importance. Requests taken. Hosted by Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00 pm - 9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus / minus a few oldies but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00 pm. Information and news as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible features at 9:00 pm. Your host Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

midnight - very late

Rockin Patrick is back - Turn it up. Featuring the Marlin Perkins Exotic Musical Hour: The best psychotic sickoid music from all over the world.

CITR FM 102
CABLE 102

CITR FM 102
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	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00							
	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW AND INSIGHT						
9:00	The Beautiful Music Show	The Jennifer Chan Show	The Classical Show	The Spice of Life	In Context	The Saturday Edge	Music of our Time
10:00	Random Designs			Fine Lines	Tribes And Shadows		
11:00		Pest Control		Better Hohm's & Garlick's	The Joanna Graystone Show		
12:00	Soup Of The Day						
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					Power Chord	The Rockers Show
2:00		Blood On The Saddle	The PTL Show	First Blood	EXPO 66		
3:00					Narduwar		
4:00	Radio Vomit	Quality Time For Latchkey Kids	The PTL Show (Cont)	Pump Up Da Volume	Absolute Value of Noise	We Be Botanists	Blues, Blues, Blues
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE						Soul City
6:00	CrapShoot				The way we see it	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
7:00	Hot Pink	Rectal Rectitude	Kathy Day	The Vinyl Frontier	Interference		Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00	More Dinosaurs	Stuff	The African Show	Top Of The Bops			
9:00							
10:00	The Jazz Show	Bunkum Obscura	Permanent Culture Shock	The Can-Con Job	Crack Rhythm	KNOCK TERNZ	Playload/ This Is Not A Test
11:00							
12:00							
1:00							In The Grip Of Incoherency
2:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After	Exhibitionism	Louis Louis	Tunes 'R' Us	
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS			SATURDAY REPORTS			SUNDAY REPORTS	
8:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS		Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS		10:00	VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
10:00	NEWS/BRIEF		6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE			NEWS
1:00	NEWS/BRIEF						SUNDAY MAGAZINE
3:00	NEWS/BRIEF						
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS						

THURSDAYS

BETTER HOHM'S AND GARLICK'S

11:10 am - 1:00 pm

We have your cat. 500 Dollars. Small bills. No cops.

March 31: Garlick's

April 7: Hohm's

April 14: Garlick's

April 21: Hohm's

PUMP UP DA VOLUME (FORMERLY PARTY WITH ME PUNKER)

Music to lose your friends by. An hour of probing social commentary as seen through eyes of two suburban guys with few friends and bad haircuts.

Hosts: Mike and Gavin.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30 pm - 8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in .. Turn on .. Drop out.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00 pm - 9:00 pm

More Rock 'n' Roll than you shake a stick at! And I don't mean Phil Collins either . . . Flip out, eggheads!!! (with Apologies to Billy Miller and Kicks Magazine.

THE CAN CON JOB

9:00 pm - midnight

Two hours of Canadian bands with lots of local stuff. Demos too. Band interviews:

April 7: Zaza and the Zooms

April 14: Roots Roundup

April 21: Hip Type, Cannon Heath Down.

April 28: The Dots.

EXHIBITIONISM

midnight - 3:30 am

Its the slide of dormant matrix interface.

April 21, Throbbing Gristle. All of it.

FRIDAYS

IN CONTEXT

8:30 am - 10:00 am

April 1: An interview with Phillip Glass. New jazz: Steve Lacy sextet.

April 15: Vancouver Opera Presents... Profile: Rare Air.

April 22: Previewing events at Hollyhock Farm. Some words from "In performance".

April 29: DANCE SPECIAL: Provocative dance ideas from the Rebound Dance Collective. An interview with Lola MacLaughlin; dance and expressionism. Previewing Karen Jamieson's performances.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30 am - 11:30 am

Despite a rather busy month for dance in Vancouver, and a rare performance by Philip Glass, this month's programs will explore Paris, France. In particular, we will explore Paris between the periods of 1900 - 1930, with the "Surge" of creative movements that occurred during this time and place including Surrealism, Cubism, New Music, plus a look at the minds that gave birth to such thought: Picasso, Apollinaire, Breton, Poulenc, Music by Stravinsky, utilizing methods of Anthropology and communications, this program will attempt to discern how this period of creative and political ferment is influencing "New thought" that may be emergent in the fabric of today's consciousness and whatever are the correlations between the activities that occurred then and what may happen now. Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill.

THE NEW EXPO '66

1:00 pm - 2:30 pm

"WOW! J. Paul Kennedy is definitely Hip!" - young Teen admirer.

This is typical of the thousands of comments we receive daily at the Telstar Records office. Adoring teens, happy housewives, kids in Chryslers - just a few of the many that "just have to" phone in about our new swingin' sensation, J. Paul Kennedy. He's hip, he's smooth, he's streetwise. He's got a radioshow called the New Expo '66. He's got an album out Stick-to-the-ribs rock 'n roll, and he's starred in three runaway smash motion pictures. J. Paul's got a finger on the pulse of teensville, and we're proud. So's his family, except brother Dean, whose missing.

-Tom Conners, Host of the Telstar Rock Show on your local NBC station.

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS . . .

2:30 pm - 3:00 pm

Nardwar and Cleo love the radio, people, VOX, amps, the Fleshtones, Yakima Knut, FarFisa organs, theStandells, Shamrock Shakes, Chan Romero and Triple Pattied A + W Mozza burgers with Skipper's Clam Chowder.

April 29: meet Nardwar at the Haney Hotspot (Main and 7th) in Patsy's Restaurant for Cleo's Cave-In, a giant 6 band blow-out.

THE WAY WE SEE IT

5:30 pm - 6:00 pm

Spinlist

artist	title	label	weeks
JACI BUTCHER	Fishcotheque	POLYGRAM	2
NEGATIVLAND	Escape From Noise	SSS	4
BARMY ARMY	Sharp As A Needle	ON-U SOUND	2
T. PONE BURNETT	The Talking Animals	CBS	2
LEGENDARY PINK DOTS	Any Day Now	PLAY IT AGAIN SAM	2
SPACE NEGROES	Favorite Songs From The Sixties	ARF ARF	2
POP WILL EAT ITSELF	Box Frenzy	CHAPTER 22	4
VARIOUS	Minutes To Go	INTERIOR	2
JOHNANYS	Highlights Of A Dangerous Life	ENIGMA	9
FLAMIN' GROOVIES	One Night Stand	FRINGE	14
JESUS & MARY CHAIN	Darklands	WEA	16
FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY	Corrosion	THIRD MIND	2
SINEAD O'CONNOR	The Lion and the Cobra	Chrysalis	2
SLEEPY LA BEEF	Nothin' But The Truth	ROUNDER	2
SISTERS OF MERCY	Floodland	WEA	4
BROADCASTERS	13 Ghosts	ENIGMA	10
SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS	Bikini Red	WEA	16
THAT PETROL EMOTION	Short/Long 33 EP	POLYDOR	2
SCVIL YOUTH	Master Disk On Beat	Blast First	2
NICOLA PIVIANI	Intervista	VIRGIN	2
VARIOUS	Music From The Armpit of Canada	PROBLEM CHILDREN	2
GODFATHERS	Birth, School, Work, Death	EPIC	2
MESADETH	So Far, So Good, So What	EMI	2
WOODEN OPS	You Make Me Feel	ROUGH TRADE	4
TRAGIC MULATTO	Locos Por El Sexo	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES	4
TEST DEPT.	A Good Night Out	SOME BIZARRE	4
GREEN RIVER	Dry As A Bone	SUB POP	4
BUSTER POINDEXTER	Buster Poindexter	BMG	14
OYSTER BAND	Wild Blue Yonder	FESTIVAL	14
SAGGARA DOGS	Thirst	PATHFINDER	16
SEANS	Children Of God	PRODUCT INC.	31
PALADINS	The Paladins	Wrestler	2
EARLY MAMMALS	Dinosaur Onelot	CHANNEL 83	2
VOICE FARM	Voice Farm	RALPH	2
DUMPFUCK	For The Country	POLYGRAM	2
BLISSED OUT FATALISTS	Blissed Out Fatalists	MOTICO	2
BALAM AND THE ANGEL	Live Free or Die	VIRGIN	2
THE CHURCH	Starfish	ARISTA	2
TEN COMMANDMENTS	weird Out	SENSIBLE	4
KOOL MOE DEE	How Ya Like Me Now	BMG	9
SINGLE GUN THEORY	Exorcise This Wasteland	NETTWERK	13
SOLINGARDEN	Screaming Life	SUB POP	14
RHEOSTATICS	Greatest Hits	X	16
ERIK LINDGREN	Polar Yet Tropical	ARF ARF	2
JANE STIBERRY	The Walking	DUKE STREET	2
JOE STRUMMER	Walker	VIRGIN	2
VARIOUS	Jack Trax. The Third Album	INDIGO	2
VARIOUS	These Dogs Line in the Garage	ARF ARF	2
BLUE HIPPOS	Forty Forty	TWINTONE	2

Join the CiTR News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details, and discusses its implications.

INTERFERENCE

6:00 pm - 9:00 pm

The choice of bankers everywhere. With your host, Gerald McBoingboing.

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00 pm - midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know.

Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

SATURDAYS

POWER CHORD

noon - 3:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: Local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album giveaways.

WE BE BOTANISTS

3:00 pm - 6:00 pm

Up for clubbing? Prime to the disturbing melodies of the Plant Master Grant. Funk and dead dance. Honey, I've got rhythms I haven't even used yet.

TUNES 'R' US

midnight - 4:00 am

The incredible music show from two unbelievable people. Join us for four hours of fun and foolishness. But mostly music!

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am - noon

Modern Twentieth Century classical music, ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

noon - 3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour: News and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

BLUES BLUES BLUES

3:00 pm - 5:00 pm

Delta Blues, Post War Urban Blues, Boogie Blues, Honky Tonk Blues, Rockabilly Blues, Psychedelic Blues, Blues Rock, Punk Blues and even that laid-back Contemporary Blues shit. Hosted by Robert Zepeski or Lachlan Murray.

April 10, "Hey Bo Diddley" with Rob Z.

April 24, Huddie Leadbetter A.K.A. LEADBELLY with Rob Z.

SOUL CITY

5:00 pm - 6:00 pm

The best in soul music from the '50's to the '80's: R'n'B, Southern Soul, Atlantic, Motown, Philly

International, plus the latest in Dance Floor Funk.

JUST LIKE WOMEN / ELECTRONIC SMOKE

SIGNALS

April 3, **Just Like Women**, tune in for feminist news and analysis and women's music.

April 10, **Electronic Smoke Signals**, Special feature on the health effects of nuclear radiation, including a speech by radiation expert Dr. Rosalie Bertell. Also, a preview of the B.C. Environmental Network Congress to be held at U.B.C. April 15 - 17. Also updates from the Indigenous Uranium Network and the International Treaty Council.

April 17 **Just Like Women**, more news and analysis from a feminist perspective and a selection of women's music.

April 24, **Electronic Smoke Signals**, Special Report on the Annual Walk For Peace. Feature reports on resistance to the visits by nuclear

warships to B.C., and Canada's plans to acquire a fleet of nuclear submarines. Also a profile of the North American Indian Peace Movement, established in 1812 and the Tree of Peace Plantings.

PLAYLOUD / THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00 pm - midnight

"When you look into the abyss, the abyss looks into you."

Friedrich Nietzsche

Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY

midnight - 'till plenty late

Chaos in the wee hours, with Evil Bareman and his disabled cohort Guidmaster.

CiTR presents
101.9 FM

REGGAE SPRING SPLASH CHESTER MILLER

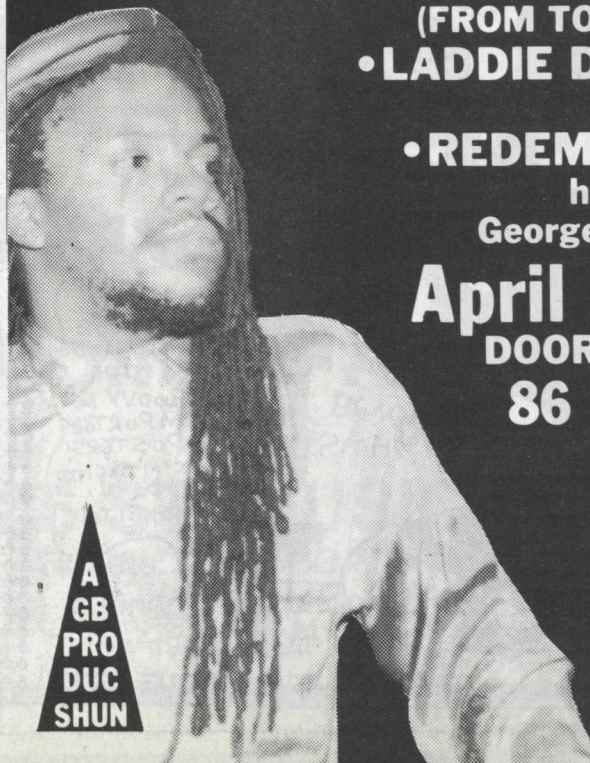
Top Male Vocalist—1987 Canada Reggae Music Awards

Plus **CARL PRINCE**
(FROM TORONTO)
• **LADDIE DAWES**

and
• **REDEMPTION**
hosted by
George Barrett

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Electronics
1391 Kingsway,
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Zulu, Track
Indo-Caribbean
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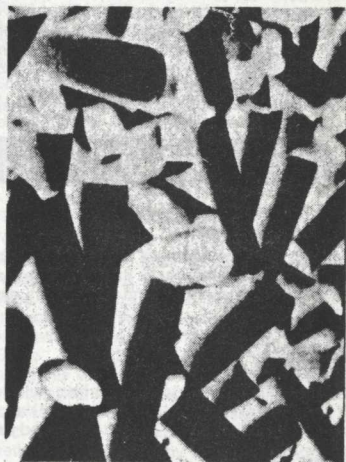
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Social Tourniquet

So it's Saturday night and you have a few drinks with some friends and you're at their place and someone says let's go out and where do they want to go they want to go to the club but you've been going there for eight years and it's just the same thing again but you go anyway because they're going and someone's already called a taxi and it gets there before you've finished your drink so you finish it in the taxi on the way there which means you have to drink it down fast because the club isn't that far away and then when you get there there's a lineup and the walls of the building resound with the volume within but you see someone you know in the line and act as though you were going to meet them there all along and join them at the front of the line and there's that smell when you get in the entrance that same old smell it's like déjà vu but it's not it's a burned in memory because you've been going there for eight years and the doormen look at you as though they know something dirty about you and then they smear ink on your hand and tell you to check your coat and the disco thud presses the smokey atmosphere into your skin and it doesn't matter whether you're in there for three minutes or three hours you come out smelling the same but you want to dance because they're playing your favorite song so you head for the dance floor and it doesn't matter if you're not dancing with anyone because no one really dances with anyone else and some people don't

even dance they just stand there with a drink in their hand with a dazed look on their face and you wonder if they're really all there but you dance anyway and ignore them and you see someone you know and for a moment maybe you're dancing with someone and then they're gone and you start to feel thirsty so you head for the bar and there's someone you know and they're talking to someone you don't want to talk to so you just pretend like you didn't see them and then in front of you is that person you've been attracted to for so long but you've got that other person on your mind and you can't think of anything to say and the moment's gone and then someone behind you says something and it's hi hello how are you you're looking good what have you been up to not much great to see you again drop over sometime oh I just saw a friend got to go I'll talk to you later see ya bye and then someone else says something and what's your name I like it what do you do wow that's great sounds fascinating you're very attractive can I buy you a drink let's dance love your hair love this song and you remind me of someone oh really thanks do you know so and so oh we're great friends haven't seen them for a while though hey do you want to smoke a joint and then you're outside and the air is cool and you're smoking and the person you least want to see joins you without being invited and they're friends with the other person so you don't say anything but when you're back inside it all seems different and you lose yourself in the crowd and it doesn't really matter

because it's your favorite tune and you want to dance so you dance and the rhythm sinks into your brain and there's nothing but you and the music and everything's wonderful and everybody's dancing and you see someone you know and you smile and the lights spin round and you can't tell which way is up and someone bumps into you or you bump into them and they bump into someone



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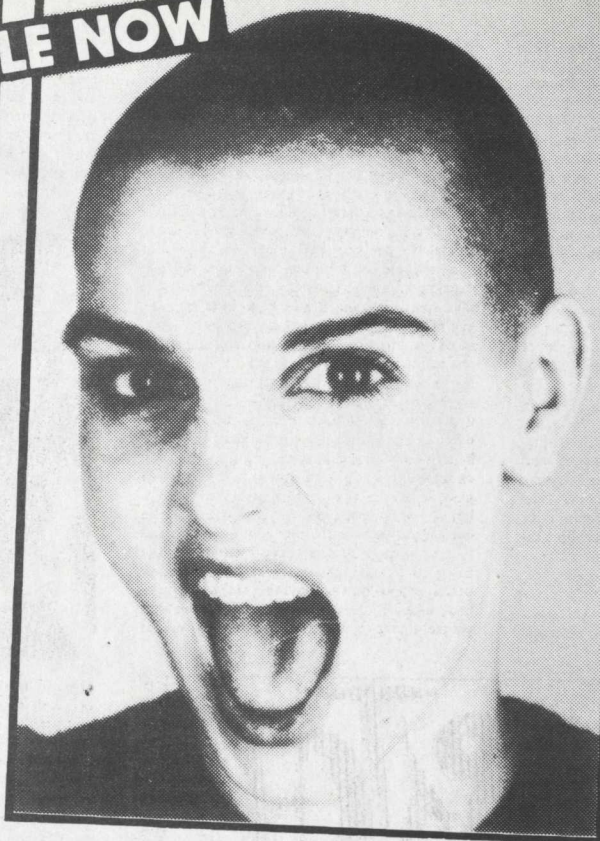
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else and then everyone is bouncing off everyone else and somehow it all seems perfectly natural and nothing really matters and there's a kind of freedom and spontaneity that keeps you on your feet and then the music stops and the lights go up and your ears are ringing and you're covered in sweat and it's time to go home but you don't want the evening to be over so soon but you can't see any of your friends that you came in with and it's such a drag walking home alone but you didn't ask anyone if there were any parties around and it's too late now because they've left and everybody outside is waiting for somebody to give them a ride and there's no one you really know anyway so you start walking up the street traffic noise horns and people yelling their idiocies out the windows and the hookers make comments on the state of the world's economics and a car full of people you know speeds past honks and they wave all smiles and the party continues up the street at thirty miles an hour and then a drunk takes a swing at you but you manage to duck because you're not as drunk as he is and drag queens come stumbling and teetering on their high heels from the bar they've just been ejected from and they comment on the state of the human condition in high pitched voices and peals of laughter and a street bum asks you for spare change and you won't give him anything this time because you didn't give him anything last time and you probably never will because you need it yourself and what the hell is with him anyway can't he remember my face can't he remember that I never give anything away and you think about the club and you wonder why you go there and you wonder if maybe just maybe there's something better to do with your time.

Matt Richards

CITR PRESENTS

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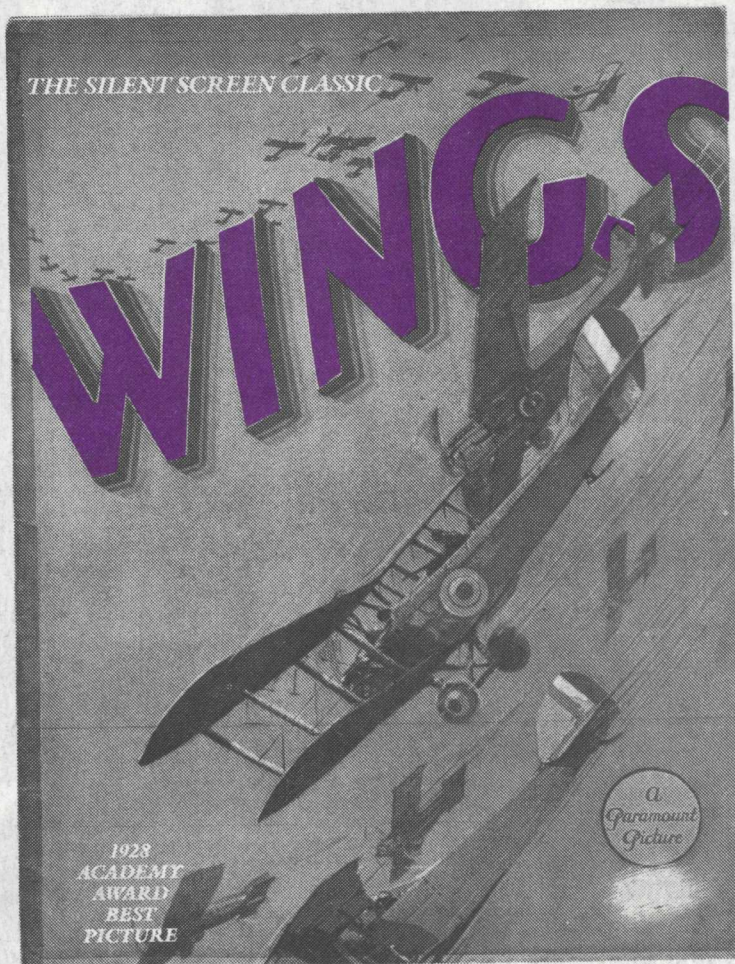
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